

The Coming Day.

AUGUST, 1898.

FAITH AND SIGHT.

NOTES OF A CROYDON STUDY.

As this is the day for the holding of your one Church meeting during the year, I have naturally been wishful to bring here, for the day, some specially-needed message. I might have spoken of our special dangers, and they are many;—dangers arising out of our very freedom, out of our rationalism, out of our tendency to secularise everything, out of our emancipation from all superstition, out of our exceeding bareness of helps to Church life, voluntarily chosen by you. Or, because of these dangers, I might have spoken of our special need of watchfulness in relation to our personal loyalty to the Church and to its few claims upon our devotion: but these and all such special points, however tempting and important, I gladly leave,—and prefer to say something of that which seems so different, and yet which, in a way, includes them all.

What that is, is perfectly suggested by those words of Jesus;—(John xx. 29) ‘Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.’

These words were spoken to Thomas, the hard, narrow, unspiritual unbeliever. He would not credit it that Jesus was alive: he wanted to see the prints of the nails, and to put his finger into them (he was very precise about that), and he wanted to see the spear-cut in his side, and to thrust his hand into it.

That is a very common type of character; and we are all more or less Thomases. But the state of mind of Thomas was infinitely lower than the state of mind of one who had such a profound sense of the glorious nature of Jesus that he was prepared to believe anything of such a wonderful

being, even to his superiority over death: and lower also, even as a matter of having good and lasting ground for belief: for, contrast the evidential values of a vivid spiritual apprehension of the heavenly personality of Jesus with the mere sight of a supposed risen body. The one would open to the inner self all the amazing possibilities of spirit-life, while the other would only form a puzzle, or, sooner or later, suggest a trick.

But this deep truth is seen in other spheres. Even in regard to science, one of the very highest authorities, the late Professor Tyndall, once told us that in experiments and scientific discovery, the capacity to go beyond the vanishing point of matter, and to make the imagination a trustworthy guide in the unseen, makes all the difference between the mere man of routine and the man of genius. In his delightful lecture on 'Crystalline and Molecular forces' he describes an experiment up to the vanishing point; and then bids us scientifically and intellectually follow it up into the unseen, where vision and instruments fail. He said,—'You imagine where you cannot experiment,' and talked about a scientific entity as being 'intellectually discerned.' He added, 'In this power of ideal extension consists, for the most part, the differences between scientific men. The man who cannot break the bounds of experience, but holds on only to the region of sensible facts, may be an excellent observer, but he is no philosopher, and can never reach those principles that bind the facts of Science together.' So that, in Science, the great discoverers are usually those who do not see, and yet believe—who are helped by what Tyndall called 'the picturing power of the mind.' These are the men of genius, the seers, the creators. To them the blessing comes. They are the prophets of Science, and set forth the things to come.

So, in the sphere of politics. The true statesman, as distinguished from the mere politician, is the creator, the foreseer. He does not need a majority to persuade him, or want to see a thing at work in order to be convinced. He is able to transport himself into the very midst of all the circumstances present and future. He sees it,

though to others it is only a danger or a dream. Many of the old reformers had a wonderful faculty in this way. How they were derided and denounced ! but how right they were, as a rule !

The audacious attempters of untried things would not seem audacious if we could see with their eyes : and, of course, these are our superiors. Any one could do the ordinary or regulation work of the world ; but these create, inspire and lead. Such persons are original poets, discoverers, heretics, creators of new markets, advanced reformers, enthusiasts. The mass of mankind regard them as reckless and blind. But the truth is that they can specially see. They go before, and prepare the way.

So, again, in the sphere of pure thought :—a great inference is sometimes a great and the greatest argument. What is sight to intellectual apprehension ? The finest, greatest spirits need not (and do not) wait for the realisation of ideas : for, in truth, to them the ideal world is the real ; and they are right.

Why, even as to what we call material nature, they are right ; for the Seen proceeds from the Unseen, and back to the Unseen will all return, to the minutest bud and blossom, blade and leaf.

Bring all this now to the sphere of Religion. How much of Religion has been made merely external !—temples : priests : altars : crucifixes : holy water : Holy Bible : Confession of Faith : Thirty-nine Articles : Sacraments. And yet the best these can say for themselves is ‘ I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.’ But if these all vanish ? Ah, then they say, ‘ The Church is in danger ! ’ But :—

The mount of God stands ever in each human soul ;
The still, small voice of blessing, and Sinai’s thunder-roll,
The stern behest of duty, the doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear, are with yourselves alone.

In other days, men built their faith

On wondrous portents in the sky,

On marvels, miracles and signs,

And awful visions from on high.

Angels were said to walk the earth,

In robes of dazzling whiteness drest ;

Sometimes, a half-forgotten saint

Left his abode among the blest ;

And came to visit men once more,
 Travel again familiar ways,—
 A shadowy creature slow and strange
 Among the busier, later days.
 Sometimes, amid the parted waves,
 In solemn march, men crossed the sea ;
 And once a lofty teacher walked
 Upon the waves of Galilee.
 Alas ! alas ! the search for truth
 Is making havoc with the creeds :
 Angels and miracles to us
 Are holy thoughts and blessed deeds.
 ' Yes, faith is dead ! ' the sceptic cries,
 ' Good reason's reign has come at last !
 No longer faith is fixed upon
 Poetic legends of the past.'
 Faith is not dead ! Truth cannot sleep !
 There is no backward march of things :
 The thoughts of God for ever keep
 Men borne aloft on angel wings.

Is it not a higher state, and a more blessed thing, to be religious and to believe from spiritual sympathy and trust, and love, than from mere sight ?

It must be so with the very belief in God. The sight of a God involves idolatry. The infinite must be the unseen. Ever something above us. That is best.

It is so, too, with belief in a future life. Though here, demonstration to some extent is enormously to be desired. But it must be best to have our belief rooted in all the moral and spiritual faculties,—life of our life, soul of our soul. And who can say how far this longing of the spirit for the unseen, half creates the spirit-self, and opens the senses of the soul ?

Consider, again, the great essentials of the highest kind of life,—loyalty to one's ideals, love of simple right, devotion to what we know as duty.

Their's not to reason why,
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's but to do and die.

There is a great truth in it. And so, for all good work for God and man in this world. It is surely something to be one of God's adventurers,—to be willing to make no terms with Him, but to go on, and dare greatly in His dear service.

Tennyson tells us :—

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

And so it is: but it is even truer that—

'Tis better to have tried and lost
Than never to have tried at all.

We are here only for a few years—perhaps for only a few months—or weeks—or days; and we cannot afford to wait to be sure, with the aid of sight: we must have faith; we must venture; we must do all we can for the day; and we may feel assured that however blessed it may be to see and believe, it is far more blessed to believe, even though as yet we are not able to see.

Is it not a consoling thought? Little enough do we see! The riddles of life multiply, and their solutions seem even farther off than ever, for solutions suggest vaster problems still; sight fails, knowledge fails, experience fails: only faith and hope and love abide. 'Only' faith and hope and love? Ah! let these suffice:—Faith in the Great Power which brought us here, and will take us hence: Hope for that mysterious future which opens before us, but only like a heavenly sequence to earthly struggle; and Love for these purer things towards which, with all our imperfections, we struggle with outstretched hands. They call it all a dream,—they who believe only in what they see! 'A dream'! Ah, lovely dream! abide with me! Be the solace of my dull and doubtful hours! Lift my eyes above the dust and ashes of the streets: and, beyond all these glaring but fading lights, be my sun that shall never more go down!

HER OWN FUNERAL SERMON.

A SHORT time ago, a Spiritualist, an earnest-hearted and simple-minded woman, of Peterboro, New York, indited a discourse which she wished to be read at her funeral. This, we understand, was done. The following, omitting a very few sentences and some poetry, is a copy of the discourse:—

'Dear Friends, one and all:—I cannot leave the present without taking with me into the future

a conviction, at least, of having tried to do my duty in the cause of Spiritualism, and confirming my belief and trust in its teachings. Therefore, through the influence of dear ones gone before, I pen this address, considering it a sacred duty I owe to all, trusting no one will feel injured by what may be expressed.

‘Reason teaches us that a spark of the divine dwells in every child born into earth conditions, and, through favourable surroundings and proper culture, it may be kindled into a flame that in time will illuminate its whole being. As each one fills a niche in the great plan—which it was born to fill, as no other could fill it—the lowest has as truly a right to expect a welcome as the highest, as all must gravitate to the niche assigned them by and through Nature’s laws. Upon these principles I base my welcome to the Spirit Home, toward which I am hastening, feeling that my joy will be so great that some sympathetic souls here to-day will feel its uplifting forces, strengthening their faith, lightening their burdens, soothing their grief, as it has my own through many long years.

‘Who can but bless the divine source through which all are led to see the true way? And as through the severest trials and struggles the higher joys are born, the greater achievements are gained, then thrice blest are those who reach the top of the mountain after much striving; thrice blest, because, in harmony with law and satisfied with their works, they, as faithful servants, enter into mansions of rest—not made with hands—eternal and in the heavens.

‘Our usefulness ceases not with earth-life, by any means. Many who are considered first in earth-life, will be last when Nature’s roll-call is heard sounding through every avenue of the universal kingdom. Then each must stand upon his or her own merit, see the mistakes made through superstition, false creeds, dogmas, pride and arrogance. None are perfect. No, not one! Then who shall cast the first stone? Many will be stripped of seeming honours, while others who were looked upon with scorn will put on a nobility born of inherent greatness, tempered with humility, love, justice and good will toward all.

‘ Ah, my friends, worldly fame may be well in its place, but it is goodness, abounding in kindness, charity and love, that lifts us higher in the scale of progress and brings happiness and rest to the weary as they pass from earth to the heavenly plane. The ladder of progress is firmly set upon the rock of ages, reaching far up through the spheres of the heavenly plane upon which we are daily ascending, and, when we reach the crossing that leads from this life into the other, think you the law is then suspended? No, dear friends, we will then see clearer; comprehend that which we have so long striven to solve, and learn how earnest our lives are still to be. The tangles will no longer cling to our feet; no longer drones in the hives of earth-life; our sensibilities quickened, our dormant faculties awakened to slumber no more. We will then see that our earth-trials were but stepping-stones, over which a glorious inheritance is attained.

‘ If earth-trials are severe, they are preparing us to more fully appreciate the joys in store for us. The stings of disappointment will have passed, noble deeds and purer thoughts will take their places, while we drink freely at the fountain of truth and put on true manhood and womanhood.

‘ Such are the teachings that come to me in the truths of the spiritual philosophy, in which I have trust, which I have lived by and feel secure to die and be buried by. I know our dear ones gone before are with me often; I see them and hear their voices.

I know that loved ones from the summerland
Are hovering near me in my room to-night;
They fondly kiss my brow and guide my hand;
In whispers low they dictate what I write.

I could not then be false while they are true;
Oh, how could I deny their presence here?
As soon defraud the flowers their brightest hue,
And turn the rich green foliage dark and sear.

‘ To those who will miss me from the home-circle I will say: Do not mourn that I have passed out of the worn-out form, out of pain and weariness of disease—born to a purer life. I would be remembered by all, mourned by none. Why should we mourn or fear to pass onward? There is no death!

Through the teachings of our beautiful philosophy, death is swallowed up in victory! Why fear the change, knowing it to be inevitable at a certain period, as is the birth into earth-life? As the flowers bloom and decay, to come up more beautiful under higher culture, and as each species needs its own peculiar condition and culture to develop perfect beauty, so do mankind need conditions peculiar to their intuitive perceptions and experiences in life, to develop their higher faculties for the changes of progress.

‘Then, dear ones, mourn not that I am so near the beautiful shore, but rejoice that I am free. Echoes of the past and future will reach you from time to time. Cherish them as pledges of bliss that will come to you in the sweet bye-and-bye.’

‘As you sow the seeds of kindness along earth’s pathway, so will you reap the golden grains of truth and purity as you enter the gates of the heavenly garden from which each day the tares are being plucked, and with clean garments and beaming faces will meet the loved ones gone before.’

‘God bless you all. Good-bye.’

WOMAN’S SPHERE AND WOMAN’S WORK.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

As to our previous study of woman’s sphere and woman’s work, a brief recapitulation may be of use to us to-day. Our strong definite key-note was that fine generous saying of the Book of Proverbs—‘Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.’ This, we saw, is still needed, and at the very centre of the civilisation of the world. Social customs, popular opinion, business prejudices, and even legal enactments have created artificial restrictions and disqualifications, so that women have not had, and even now have not, a fair chance even in relation to the common work of the world—to say nothing of the affairs of public life.

The problem is—How to retain all the fine natural tones of the woman and yet admit her, on perfectly equal terms, to all the spheres occupied

by men, in so far as she desires to test or prove her powers. Her natural sphere of work is at home, where so much waits for her, but what of the multitude of women who have no home but such as they work for? What of the women who are too thick on the ground at home? What of the women who have faculties for special work beyond it? Here, at once, the importance of opening to women all the chances of life is manifest. To deliberately close those chances against her is unjust: and, to that, religion has much to say—and that is why I bring the subject here.

As artist and writer, woman has won her place and recognition; as physician, she is rapidly passing on to a place of honourable usefulness; and, as public teacher and minister of religion, she will, in due time, occupy a position of profound interest, to the great advantage of us all—or of those who come after us.

Beyond these opening paths, and on all sides of them, other avenues are opening, and the comprehension and occupation of them by woman can only be a question of time.

If all this is true, it seems to follow that we have a long way to go before we come even in full view of the end, and, assuredly, this generation must pass away before woman can take her rightful place in the world, without opposition and without surprise:—or before she is fit for it.

But there is much to cheer us. We have gone far since it was held that women had no souls; but we have to go much farther before we fully perceive the fact that not only have women souls, but that only in them can men find the completed life of their own souls;—even as Tennyson puts it, ‘The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke.’ For

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain. His dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet, in the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man.

And so it comes to pass, often without our knowing it, that the place assigned to woman, the

ideas which for the time being prevail concerning woman, are a kind of tide-mark, revealing the measure of civilisation to which the age or the nation has attained.

In a low state of civilisation, the law of might prevails; and, as it is to-day in some countries, the woman is made the drudge, the slave, while the man is, in very deed, her master. In an age of dilettante civilisation, woman receives her promotion, and, from being a drudge or slave, she is made a plaything. Her education is the picking up of so-called 'accomplishments,' and she is supposed to attain the chief end of her being if she 'marries well'—the meaning of that usually being—if she is the fortunate winner of a prize represented by a title or by gold.

In a more advanced time (already ours) woman is neither slave nor toy, but 'helpmeet,' and sometimes comrade. But, in the fulness of time, she will take her place in the free world, no doors closed to her, no artificial disqualifications set up as barriers, no task denied to her for which she is fitted, no road barred in which she desires or is able to walk. But not yet will she have a fair field. Jealousy, timidity, professional self-defence, will exact from her the price. A late writer, discussing the question of the entrance of woman into business and the professions, used language which is too much in fashion on this matter. With a disagreeable mixture of flattery and masterfulness, he said,—'All I say is, my fair friends cannot eat their cake and have it too; they cannot continue to be, in their own phrase, treated like ladies, when they come to act the parts now assigned to gentlemen. Let them look to it.'

But why? Why cannot ladies be treated like ladies 'when they come to act the parts now assigned to gentlemen?' But what is meant by acting 'the parts now assigned to gentlemen'? It simply means, to do the work now unfairly confined to gentlemen. For instance: it is now the custom for gentlemen 'to act the part' (*i.e.* to do the work) of physicians: now supposing that, in the course of time, we find that some ladies can 'act the part' (*i.e.* do the work) as well as gentle-

men, why should it be necessary to be unpleasant to these ladies, or to cease to treat them as ladies? Under this surface pleasantries, there is a touch of brutality: and, indeed, I always notice that when a critic smiles, and calls women 'my fair friends,' he is going to say or do something which will reveal him as anything but a 'fair friend.'

I said that this is to me a religious question: and surely it is essentially that. True religion is concerned with life, and the main part of life is service, usefulness. If then a woman can fit herself for being exceptionally useful, it seems to me that this very fact should increase her claims to respect and consideration.

But this critic represents too accurately the present state of mind of what is called 'society.' Be a charming and well-dressed doll, and you are a lady. Soil your hands with work, help your husband in the warehouse, fit yourself to cure a little child of the measles, keep a shop, and you forfeit a title to the name. This is what the gentleman calls 'eating your cake.'

But let it be admitted that there is an element of truth in the warning. The opening of the larger sphere, and the admission to equal treatment will probably seem to mean a real loss in one way to women. 'A fair field' does mean 'no favour,' and thousands of women will wonder where the chivalry went when men said, 'Very well: give her of the fruit of her hands.' That may be very disheartening, especially if 'the fruit of her hands' does not turn out to be much. But there will be great compensations: and perhaps the coming woman will not miss the thin luxury we call 'chivalry' when she enjoys the substantial staff of life of justice.

But, however all this may turn out, there are two considerations which, though almost common-places, are of vital interest, and with which we shall all agree. The first is that the question of the influence and office of woman is one of the very first magnitude, with ever increasing brilliance, for women, whether we like it or not, are daily enlarging their powers for mischief or for good. As mothers, sisters, nurses, teachers, they intercept the child on its entrance into life, and go with it

step by step up to the verge of manhood or womanhood—and beyond : for then a new set of relationships begin which, in one form or another, continue to the very end of life. We talk of our colleges and churches, and try to estimate the influence of writers and legislators : but, more and more is it the fact that the history of the world will be the history of its homes.

Amongst what we call 'the working classes,' this is enormously true. To a working man, the wife often makes all the difference between care and carelessness, the love of home or the love of the public house. If failure of tact, cleverness and consideration results in an uninviting home, the average working man will soon learn to find comfort and company elsewhere. A wise woman, though she be harassed and poor, knows how to bind her husband and children to their home, while a foolish and incapable woman finds nothing easier than to scatter them, and has only herself to blame for her household miseries,—has, in fact, committed household suicide in the place which is a house and not a home.

I know well what sorrowful exceptions there are to this. I know that many poor women, do what they will, are frustrated at every step by dull, desperate stupidity, or dense animal grossness ; and that, in such a case, to offer to the man her gifts of thrift, and order, and grace, is only like casting pearls before swine. In such a case, there is nothing for it but a combination of endurance and a resolute holding by rights where nothing is given out of generous love. But as a rule, the law is as I say ;—that if a woman loses influence in the home the fault is her own, as a rule. The second consideration relates to the woman herself,—her personality, including in that everything which relates to culture, tone and character. It is this personality which makes one being to differ from another, but it must be the special glory of womanhood : for, when all is said and cheerfully admitted, it remains the fact that the spheres of women will probably never be as numerous as the spheres of men. A man will, probably, always have two chances to the woman's one. He may be in a way, glorious for his strength, his dis-

coveries as seaman or his achievements as soldier, and in many ways that are hardly possible to a woman, but she must be glorious in herself if she is even to hold her own. And here I think I can see that, as time goes on, the task set to woman will be seen to be harder but more glorious than the task set to men, because her power and standing will turn upon her personality. And, in its blind and blundering way, the poor world has already recognised this in making the woman's moral standard higher than the man's, and I suppose that in relation to the sphere of character no one would say that woman is inferior to man. Is it glorious to be unselfish and devoted? She can shame us all—standing nearest to Jesus in this,—as, when the disciples fled (after Peter, like a coward, disowned him), Mary stood fast, even at the cross. Is it glorious to love? She can love like God, and defy darkness and light, riches and poverty, death and time. She can love when the beauty has faded, and linger by the side of the wretched when there is no longer a return of affection from the gracious. Is it glorious to have high motives and heavenly aims? She can lead in these, and shew us the nearest way to God and heaven.

There are millions of women who fail in all this,—who believe in or who submit to the theory of the worldly world—who become insipid, or frivolous, or who become foolishly cumbered, tossed on a sea of little vanities and cares, or sink into a kind of chronic invalidism both of body and of mind. O resist it! Do not consent to be mere creatures of circumstances: do not consent to have your lives cut out for you as your dresses are—by that worst of tyrants, Fashion. God has given you the sacred gift of life. Understand it, revere it, live it.

Then apply all this to religion and your faith. Be rational. Pass on to a faith that will satisfy both the intellect and the affections—a faith that will not picture you as by nature degraded, fallen, and an enemy of God,—a faith that will beat down the old blasphemy that the little child is 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity,' a faith that will dignify and bless our struggling human life,

and teach you that every incident of it may help on to the crown of womanhood below, and the welcomes of angels above.

Come ! be wise for us, and build for us a noble nation and a blessed home. Pluck down none of our safeguards, but be the defenders and vindicators of our hope. Then rich the fruit of your hands that will be freely given to you, and glorious your praise in the gates.

PRIESTS AND THEIR PLEDGES.

PERHAPS the oddest thing about the late exposures of Popish practices in our State churches is the concurrent exposure of the general ignorance concerning them. Thirty years ago, we ourselves drew attention to 'The Priest's Prayer Book ; with a brief Pontifical' ; and our copy is the fourth edition and part of the eighth thousand.

The opening words of the Preface bluntly tell us that 'This Volume is designed as an Appendix to the Book of Common Prayer,' and to provide certain Offices and collects for 'the parochial clergy.' It also tells us that certain 'Bishops and Theologians' have given their assistance, and that it is hoped and expected that this book will shew the way in which the Church should walk. And from that day to this, the game has gone on, and prospered.

In this highly interesting volume, we find a vast number of 'Offices' for the Priest, such as 'Office for the blessing of candles' and 'Office for the blessing of ashes,' also for 'Consecration of Chrism and Holy Oils,' 'The Form of Blessing of Water,' &c., with some wonderful prayers for fine weather and the protection of crops from weeds and thorns : all leading up to the graver developments of to-day.

Now, we have no quarrel with the opinions and practices of priests, so long as they are free to do as they like, but a priest in a State Church is not free to do as he likes ; and, in evading the Book of Common Prayer, by introducing 'Offices' of his own or borrowed from Romish sources, he is

simply a law-breaker, and, for the matter of that, to be perfectly frank, an oath-breaker.

Personally, we do not think, for instance, that ashes or water need any consecration, Water is sacred according to its quality. Blessing could not make any difference to it, though filtering might. But that is not the point. The point is that this particular priest, as a pledged official of the State, has no moral or legal right to dodge his orders. If he, by some occult understanding which we do not understand, is free to go as he pleases, why should anybody be excluded? If the State Church priest may introduce the ritual of Rome, why may not Dr. Martineau go into the Church with his beautiful Liturgy? If a disguised papist may take possession of one of the nation's churches, why should an avowed Unitarian be shut out? But perhaps the best question to ask is; Why should not the nation's Church be as broad as the nation; all opinions made legal, and all practices made honest? In the meantime, what a discreditable mess the nation's Church is in!

REPEAL THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

MR. GUINNESS ROGERS, writing to *The Chronicle*, asks for Disestablishment and Disendowment. He may as well ask for the moon. He makes the old demand, but we are living in a new world. Disestablishment and Disendowment are vain imaginations. He says truly, 'The Established Church is based on the Act of Uniformity,' and then adds the huge generalisation, that if the clergy do not, will not, or cannot obey the law, they must go. But since we invented 'Disestablishment and Disendowment' the Church has grown in size and variety to such a degree that it is almost worthy of the name, 'A National Church.' But, just in proportion as the Church becomes really representative, *i.e.*, really national, it becomes unfaithful to the Act of Uniformity. In other words, in proportion as it attains its natural ideal it has to break the law, and lie!

What is the remedy? 'Go out,' says Mr. Rogers. But is that the remedy? It reminds one

of the clerk's objection to the desk stool. 'It is too high,' said the clerk. 'You are right,' said the head of the firm, 'we must get a shorter clerk'—which is absurd. If the clerk is, on the whole, a good fellow, it would be much easier, much kinder, and much more logical to cut down the legs of the stool.

This is the real remedy as regards the Act of Uniformity, which is a ridiculous anachronism, a sheer survival. It is idle to say, 'Toe that mark, or go.' Everybody knows that the mark is in the wrong place, and too short, and that it cannot be toed. No: what is wanted is to recognise the natural results of two centuries of thinking and experience, and to revise the line. Parliament, which is responsible for the Act of Uniformity, must mend it or end it; must recognise the inevitableness of variety, and must make variety honest and lawful. It will be ten thousand times easier, and better in every way, to revise the rules made for the nursery, and to remember that the family is grown up, than to turn the children out of doors, or pull down the house.

NOISES.

A GENTLEMAN, at a late meeting of the London County Council, said that if we elect to live in a population of five millions we must expect noises. Of course: but that is really a very strong reason for being specially militant against noises that are not inevitable. The same remark applies to dirt and smoke. People who live in such a city as London must expect dirt and smoke. Truly, but because so much dirt and smoke are inevitable, we ought to specially fight every unnecessary ounce of filth and every preventible emission of soot.

The curious thing is that, in all the discussions, very little has been said about the noisiest nuisance of all:—church bells. We have heard a good deal about costermongers and barrel-organs, and these are bad enough, especially barrel-organs, which ought to be simply swept clean off the board. But church bells beat all. Their harsh,

strident, rasping monotony is horrible to those who are well, but it is a cruelty to those who are sick: and bells that strike the hours and even the quarters are as bad, and sometimes worse. These hideous survivals of days without clocks and watches at home, and of a clamorous priesthood abroad, are the noises that most require to be put down.

Strange that a class of men who should be the first to consider the tired and the sick are, in this matter of irritating noise, the least considerate to them! But if the ministers of religion fail to see where mercy lies, the guardians of public order and public peace should strenuously take the matter in hand. Their duty is clear,—to make war on every insolent and unnecessary noise.

RHODES, THE RAIDER.

NOTHING could better show the hypocrisy of our condemnation of Rhodes' conspiracy than our safe-guarding him from penalties and our restoration of him to his old positions. Small wonder if The South African Republic is disgusted, suspicious, and on its guard. But if any thing else were needed to shew that the conspiracy was virtually a general conspiracy of English bosses at home and abroad, the London newspapers go on giving us all we need. For the most part, they still either mildly say, 'O, naughty man!' or rowdily back up Rhodes.

'The Daily Mail,' we know, is not much of an authority, representing very little beyond a money-making speculation, but it knows the note for the hour, and it lately said that Mr. Rhodes is 'the short and conclusive answer to Mr. Kruger and his seditious gang.' 'Seditious!'—just as though The South African Republic were a British appendage! These bullies will be undeceived, and we say flatly, that The Republic will be fully entitled to seek and accept any one's help in maintaining its independence.

A GLIMPSE.

DEAR FRIEND,—I don't think you much surprise me. What we call 'beliefs' are, as a rule, not intellectual conclusions, but the sediments—or the cream—of experience. As for 'belief in the divinity of Christ,' I do not know what any one means by that. It may mean anything,—all the way from sentimentality to idolatry. For instance, I believe in your divinity, and in the divinity of the skylark you stop to listen to,—ay! and of the mouse you run away from. 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' I am always saying that, because I cannot find anything better to say: but I like to add that in us He lives and moves and has His being.

I think I understand you about The Established Church offering (apparently) more 'freedom for spiritual growth' than the Unitarians; but I am afraid I am also at a loss about the meaning of 'spiritual growth.' That also may mean anything,—all the way from a pleasant arm-chair to wings, or from esthetic enjoyment to the boundless satisfactions of awe and mystery.

Very few are prepared for the absolute keenness and cleanness of the open-air. But they who are, are in the most wholesome condition.

In any case, I certainly counsel you to follow the inner light. Even if that light led you to The Roman Catholic Church, go. There would probably be something in you which needed its discipline or its symbolism: or it might usefully direct you to service.—Ever yours,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

THE UNITARIANS.

WE have been hesitating whether we should say anything about a curious and hazy controversy which has been going on for a long time, as to what is to be done with the words 'Unitarian' and 'Unitarianism.' We cannot say that it is an interesting controversy; but we have read, with interest, a spirited pamphlet by the Rev. Edgar J. Fripp, B.A., on the question. He has fluttered a

great many very good people, and even made some angry, but Dr. Martineau supports him, and that goes, or ought to go, for a great deal.

The vital fact about the whole business is that the Unitarians have inherited a name that tends to become dead or misleading, just as Churchmen have inherited creeds that tend to become dead or misleading. And then, just as the Broad Churchmen are ingeniously making their creeds mean anything, so Broad Unitarians are making their name mean anything. Some say, 'It means unity, or concord'; some say, 'It means devout freedom of thought'; some say, 'It stands for all that we are, whatever that is.' But Mr. Fripp makes the obvious reply; 'If we can make "Unitarian" connote, as a friend remarks, "every higher quality of religious aspiration, reflection and performance," why should we not make "Trinitarian" mean the same, and stay within the Established Church?' That is precisely what some Unitarian Churchmen are doing: and Unitarians rebuke them for it, and even call them dishonest! But if the word 'Unitarian' can be made to mean anything, according to the wishes of its owners, why should not we make the creeds mean anything, to suit the needs of the hour?

We have the greatest possible respect for the Unitarians. They have done good service in the past, and are useful in the present, but they have no future. Mr. Fripp is right when he says, 'A Unitarian Church, a place of worship which by its title attracts none but those of a particular school of theology, and declares its interest in men's opinions rather than in themselves . . . is inherently feeble and doomed.'

WHAT IS IT THAT IS DYING?

'E.P.P.', in '*Unity*,' lately lectured all and sundry after this fashion:—

One of our contemporaries gives us an editorial to prove that Unitarianism is dead. The assertion is constantly thrust at us that liberal movements are spasmodic, and soon pass away. Possibly liberal organisations are never permanent; but that does not prove that liberal ideas are evanescent.

Unitarianism is an idea. The Unitarian organization was only to foster and to instil the conception of a sentiment. So the problem shifts to this form: Is the Unitarian idea dead, or in decadence? Perhaps the easiest way of settling this problem is to imagine Theodore Parker and Jonathan Edwards to be both alive and applicants for the same metropolitan pulpit. In life Edwards was welcome in any pulpit in America; Parker was a theological outlaw; and whosoever treated him with pulpit courtesy was made to share his outlawry. But it will not be disputed that to-day Edwards would not be tolerated in any pulpit in America; while Parker would rarely be unwelcome. Certainly Channing could enter any pulpit of any denomination. I doubt if he would not have the preference over most orthodox preachers in the candidacy for the pulpit of any sect in the land. Unitarianism has struck root in all organisations. Instead of being dead, it is just coming to life. Those of us who have spanned the struggle from 1860 to the present time have seen a wonderful change. The effort to stamp out free thinking in theology has ended in a total obliteration of old-time orthodoxy. I heard from a Protestant pulpit not long since a sermon more strongly advocating Darwinism than one would find in Darwin himself. I said to the preacher, 'But you are going farther than Professor Briggs.' He answered 'I do not know that;' quietly adding, 'I do not care either, for I intend to speak the truth as I am able to see it.' The effort to suppress or expel such men in the orthodox ranks has been given up. A Presbyterian clergyman said to me, 'We are tired of the attempt. It was a crazy scheme that set in a reaction in favor of innovation.'

The strangest fact of the progressive movement of this generation is that its headquarters are in the theological seminaries. There is where the thumb-screw has proved wholly inadequate. At first only Union Seminary was out of joint; then Lane, and now Auburn and Andover; while even McCormick has the smell about its garments. Princeton preaches physio-psychology, which is certainly dangerous. It means that monism is the groundwork of the current theology. The new minister who graduates from such a seminary will not say 'the soul must be saved from the body,' but 'the whole man must be redeemed and resurrected from sin.' This undermines the doctrine of the fall in Adam, and supernatural redemption by a slain God. Dr. McCosh undertook to accept evolution without giving up Calvinism, but his pupils do not find it possible. Professor Harris, of Andover, in his recent work, 'Moral Evolution,' bluntly drops the supernatural origin of Jesus, and tries to save his resurrection as a scientific fact possible for all who are true to God's life.

Now, what have we to say to all this, only that it is nonsense for a man to call, over as lively a corpse as Unitarianism, 'You are dead. You need not put on lively airs, for you surely are dead.' I am not a Unitarian; but I am sure that it is very much alive in me, in you, in all the people, and in all the churches. It has taught us to accentuate the spirit and not the letter. Why not accept the fact? We are getting together. Let us do it lovingly, honourably, and with God's spirit. Nobody has conquered; nobody need shout victory. God and truth are always going to come out

ahead. God is truth. Only that is dead that is not willing to grow in truth.

But there is a view of this question which all parties need to examine. There is too much of the opinion that what we wish to perfect is an organism. It follows that we must try to perpetuate the standards of the organizers. True liberalism is only the edge of a wedge. If God hits that wedge, as he always will, every day, then every day liberalism will be displaced. The great bulk of the church will move forward, without realizing its dislodgment. Very likely some will shout at those in the advance as innovators; while every one of the innovations is taken up in turn by those behind them. It looks as if the religious pioneers held an unstable position. We are liable to get the stampede spirit. A few run back to the rear, fondly believing that they have got to a stopping place. But all that they have gained is to move on behind others, instead of with or before them; for move they must. A student of evolution sees nothing so astounding as this fact of progress—eternal God-progress. The fact that nothing is finished, that nothing is perfect, is the divinest fact in the beatitudes. It gives such a chance to learn—to advance—to go forward—with God. Therefore we care little for our old tents—our old houses—our old inns—our old declarations—our old standards. We learn to see that nothing good dies, and that nothing good remains at a standstill. Even the papacy moves. Leo XIII. is a rifle's range ahead of Pius IX. My strawberry plants die, and I hoe them out; but they have sent runners forward, and to right and to left, and so doubled their lives. That church lives most which roots most freely outside of itself. Channing's roots are in the soil that Calvin and Wesley and Fox plowed up for their own exclusive use.

THE INCARNATION AND THE LOGOS.

A VERY able writer in 'The Metaphysical Magazine,' Henry Frank, makes the following keen remarks on 'The Origin of the Logos Doctrine and its relation to the Doctrine of the Incarnation.'

In the Christian scheme, in that involved and abstruse theology which the metaphysical thought of the Middle Ages evolved from the simple Gospel narratives, the doctrine of the incarnation becomes the corner stone—at once the most momentous and impossible of all the teachings of the Church.

As the doctrine of the Incarnation was un-Semitic and contrary to tradition, the Jewish people defiantly rejected the Saviour who was uplifted as the proclaimer of the repulsive invention.

Nevertheless, in the minds of the more refined and learned Jews, the notion of the Logos had already found a comfortable reception. The doctrine of the Logos, or the Word, even as incarnate, we shall see, existed among the Grecianised Jews long before the advent of Jesus, and several centuries before its proclamation by St. John.

Philo, the Jewish Philosopher of Alexandria, had taught the principles of the Logos—the Word-incarnate—just before the Jesuan epoch.

Thus, at the very threshold of Christianity, the theologians and doctrinaires are confronted with a very perplexing problem.

When John, alone of all the Gospel writers (writing at least a quarter and probably a half-century after the Synoptic Gospels), declares, 'In the beginning was the Logos (Word), and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God,' he speaks in language foreign and repulsive to all the orthodox Jewish followers of Jesus, but significantly suggestive of Philo and the Alexandrian school.

Philo, forget not, was a devout Jew, like Paul, after 'the most strictest sect.' Moreover, he was a lineal descendant of the sacerdotal order, and most profoundly learned in all the wisdom of the law. He was a Pharisee—a teacher, or rabbi, in the synagogue, as well as an earnest and comprehensive student of revived Hellenism. More than any other thinker of his day, he reflects the mind and method—the mysticism and allegorism—of the divine Plato. His hereditary bias was Semitic, but his mental culture and æsthetic taste were Hellenic. Though a Pharisee, he rejected all literalism, and sought after the spirit, or idea, of the Word.

Now, as will readily be seen from what follows, the descriptions of the Logos in the writings of Philo are so similar to those of the Johannine teachings that only a conscienceless casuist could differentiate them.

But a great problem here presents itself. Philo was the contemporary of Jesus and Paul. Why is it that Philo did not recognise in Jesus the veritable Paraclete—God made manifest in the flesh—about whom he had been so long and so eloquently discoursing? The casuists and the dogmatists insist that Philo's Logos was never a personification; it was ever but an idea, an abstraction, an emanation, an impersonal radiation of the infinite God, and he was incapable of comprehending the fact of a real manifestation of Deity in human form. The writings of Philo, however, seem to belie this statement.

'Philo's doctrine would not itself suggest the application of the idea of the Logos to any historical appearance whatsoever; for the revelation of the Logos refers not exclusively to any single fact, but to everything relating to the revelation of God in nature and history'; so writes one.

If this be true, then how could Philo have conceived of this general revelator of the Infinite as manifesting in specific historic instances which he specifies?

He says that he (the Logos), is 'the first-born son of God'; 'God's vicegerent in the world'; 'the constructor of worlds' (the demiurge); he assigns him to the office of 'Mediator between God and the material universe'; he is the 'High Priest of the world'; the advocate for the defects of men with God, and, in general, he attributes to him the office of revealing the divine nature of deity to mankind. This Logos of Philo is 'the second God; the archangel who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, spoke to Jacob, and to Moses in the burning bush, and led the people of Israel

through the wilderness; He is the High Priest and advocate who pleads the cause of sinful humanity before God and procures for it the pardon of its sins.'

Here is a specification of every qualification which Christian theology has written into the person and office of Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, the casuists insist that Philo could not have referred 'the application of the idea of the Logos to any historical appearance whatever.' Then, why does he specify its appearance in the burning bush, in the archangel who fought with Jacob at Peniel, in the three that appeared to Lot?

Why is every historical theophany or epiphany which is recorded in the Old Testament, and which every Christian theologian regards as the appearance of Jesus Christ, regarded by Philo as an appearance of his Logos, if 'the application of his idea of the Logos could not have referred to any historical appearance whatever'?

Why do the Johannine writings, and all orthodox writings since, employ in their descriptions of Jesus Christ the very terms, qualifications and offices that Philo employs in describing his Logos—if it could have 'referred to no historical appearance whatever'?

The troublesome and perplexing problem which confronts the Christian historian and theologian is this: that notwithstanding Philo had so accurately and significantly described the very offices and person of Jesus Christ, so far as they have been ascribed to him in Christian theology, nevertheless Philo, the contemporary of Jesus Christ, is suggestively significantly, tantalizingly *silent concerning him as an historical character!*

The silence of no other contemporary could be so significant. If the writings of Josephus fail to note the advent of Jesus, we can pass it over as the omission of envy and the inborn prejudice of the Pharisees. If Tacitus, Livy and all other profane writers were silent, the fact might be attributed to ignorance or want of familiarity with the history of a people so unlike the Romans, a people whom the ancient 'Gentile' world never seemed to appreciate.

But with Philo the situation is exactly opposite. All his life, his meditations, his aspirations and his philosophy would have compelled him to throw himself at the feet of Jesus—the manifest Paraclete—if he had met with or heard of him.

How gladly would this devout and learned Jew have accepted the actual personification of his own ideas in his long-dreamed-of hope—his divine and unique philosophy—had their incarnation been indubitably set before his eyes! Had the Incarnate convinced him of his sincerity and reality, there could have been no excuse for Philo to have rejected him. For he would have exemplified the very principles Philo was enunciating, and the event would have redounded to Philo's individual glory by exalting his idealistic and abstract philosophy into a realistic, human event.

Of Jesus, his contemporary, Philo is silent. Nevertheless, some one hundred years later, at least, a Christian writer, assumed to be John of Patmos, prepares a narrative of this same Jesus, and for the first time employs, with reference to this personage, the very terms, titles and offices which the now

silenced Philo had invented in describing his ideal Logos, whom he had never seen personified in the flesh. Surely, here is more than a mere coincidence; it is extremely suggestive of plagiarism.

It seems almost indisputable that the story of the Incarnation and the entire trinitarian theology originated in the Alexandrine School of Hellenic Jewish philosophy.

CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION.

THE following is from a late number of *The Free-thinker*;—

A large, strong man, dressed in a uniform and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a hut on the coast of Africa.

‘Who are you, and what do you want?’ asked a voice from the inside.

‘In the name of civilisation, open your door, or I’ll break it down for you and fill you full of lead.’

‘But what do you want here?’

‘My name is Christian Civilisation. Don’t talk like a fool, you black brute. What do you suppose I want here but to civilize you, and make a reasonable human being out of you, if it is possible?’

‘What are you going to do?’

‘In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. It’s a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now on, you must wear underclothing; a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat, and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at a reasonable price.’

‘What shall I do with them?’

‘Wear them, of course. You didn’t expect to eat them, did you? The first step of civilisation is to wear proper clothes.’

‘But it is too hot to wear such garments. I’m not used to them. I’ll perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?’

‘Well, if you die, you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilisation.’

‘You are very kind.’

‘Don’t mention it. What do you do for a living, anyhow?’

‘When I am hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink, or sleep just as I feel like it.’

‘What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don’t I’ll have to lock you up as a vagrant.’

‘If I’ve got to follow some occupation, I think I’ll start a coffee-house. I’ve got a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand.’

‘Oh, you have, have you? Why you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place you must pay me £5.’

‘What for?’

'An occupation tax, you innocent heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilisation for nothing?'

'But I haven't got any money.'

'That makes no difference. I'll take it out in sugar and coffee. If you don't pay, I'll put you in jail.'

'What is a jail?'

'Jail is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for civilisation, you know.'

'What a great thing civilisation is!'

'You cannot possibly realise the benefits, but you will before I get through with you.'

The unfortunate native took to the woods, and has not been seen since.

PRISON LABOUR.

A GREAT deal of selfish cant is talked against Prison Labour. 'It takes so much work away from honest men,' and so on; just as though these criminals, if they had been honest men, as we wished them to be, would not have done the work. As criminals, the one thing to be first arranged is this very thing, that they should be made to earn their living.

But there are deeper reasons. This, from 'The New Unity' will indicate what these are;

Among the follies of recent legislation, nothing has pointed backward more directly than the laws forbidding the inmates of states prisons the right to work. As a consequence of idleness, thus enforced, the number of insane and idiotic is frightfully increased. In Indiana it is said that, in order to have something to do, the convicts have polished every bit of metal in the prison until it shines like silver. They have also picked the whitewash off the walls, bit by bit, and put on a coat of paint, which is regularly washed with an antiseptic solution. Men engage in carrying one brick at a time across the yard, or little bits of mortar, while others carry off the chipping of brick and mortar one piece at a time. But even yet the prison is likely to become a great mad-house. The writer of this note remembers looking into a room in Michigan's states prison, after capital punishment was changed for solitary confinement. A dozen thus confined were turned into dribbling idiots. Let us understand that an end should be put to all legislation which undertakes to favour one industry or one class at the expense of another.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

AN IDEAL.—The following, from a sermon by the Rev. Silas Farrington, of Richmond, is surely very near The Ideal,

where pioneers and rationalists are concerned; 'It would be a very poor thing, if we could do it, to build up a church, if it could be called a church, of men and women mainly concerned with denying other men's beliefs, and not feeling sure whether they believed anything themselves; or, of persons who condemned other people's religious methods, but hadn't any of their own; or, of listless and apathetic persons, who were content to repeat phrases and formulas of fifty years ago, without seeing whether they applied to-day; or, of merely excitable and restless persons, always in quest of novelty; some band of people who were content with an isolated life, or prided themselves upon it. No! We want something better than that. We don't want to become a little hide-bound sectarian church, sunk in our own separateness and prejudice. But we want to feel ourselves part of a great world-wide movement to enlarge, purify and deepen man's whole sense of God. . . . We want to feel ourselves on our way, simply—not arrived; to feel ourselves, with all our dulness and blindness, and failures, as stepping stones along which the better Future comes. We want only to be sure that we are on the right road; and quite sure that on this right road we are really doing our utmost. Then, in some way, God will use us in the carrying on of His further, higher purpose.'

MOODY'S CAPACIOUS FAITH.—Asked whether he believed in the story of Jonah and the whale, he said;—'Of course I do. Why God can create a fish to engorge the whole world if he wants to. Christ believed it; for didn't he say: "As Jonah was three days in the bowels of the whale, so shall the son of man remain in the bowels of the earth." When you throw over the story of Jonah you throw over the prophecy of the resurrection. Why, if I didn't believe in the resurrection I'd rather cultivate hate than love. If you are going to reject the supernatural in the Bible, you may as well reject the whole of it.' That is a dangerous and wasteful sort of argument.

IS IT TRUE?—*The Coming Nation* says;—'The Emperor of Germany is having a little motto embossed on his cannon. Not the people's cannon, if you please, but the Kaiser's cannon. He bought them and paid for them. They are his exclusive private property, to be used in whatever manner may be deemed best by him. The people of Germany, without whom it would be impossible for the emperor's opinions to have any weight or interest for the world at large, have nothing to say about the mottoes which shall adorn the fire-arms of the nation, and in the sentiment which the emperor chooses to thus use is a covert threat against the very people who make it possible for him to be what he is. The motto reads: "The king's last argument." What will be the people's last argument?'

ACTUALLY, A LITTLE DISGUSTED!—Even a London evening paper is a little disgusted. Noticing one of the plays so dear to the heart of London, it begins by saying; 'Every

one engaged in the latest musical comedy from America would appear to have talent, except, perhaps, the author thereof; even he may be credited with ingenuity, if only for the opportunities he affords his interpreters. They are all of them clever, one of them quite diabolically so.' And it ends with; 'The whole entertainment, vulgar, tasteless, and amusing to a degree, was received with incessant laughter and applause.' To a great extent, that is London, judged by its theatres, its music halls, and its evening papers.

THE CIVILISING OF THE BLACK MAN.—Even *The Pall Mall Gazette* has a shot at our lovely civilising 'Rhodesians,' and winds up by saying that 'a hemp rope, with a loop at one end and a white neck inside it, might be no undesirable example at the present moment.' *The Pall Mall Gazette* calls for police interference, on the part of the Government, 'and that promptly and energetically.' A certain mine manager, simply as a matter of business, reports that he finds many natives willing to work, but they dare not leave their homes and property unprotected: and it is the white men they fear.

Andrew Lang lately told us of a 'savage' tribe which is so shocked at the selfishness and cruelty of the whites that it has instituted a sort of service of purification for use on the return to it of one who has come into contact with them.

MR. VOYSEY AND HIS CHURCH.—We have received a lithographic letter from Mr. Charles Voysey, in which a most urgent appeal is made for money necessary in the matter of securing a renewal of the lease of his church. In this letter, he makes the following extraordinary statement;—'Our Church is the only one in this country which is doing the same work of destroying pernicious errors and of building up a reasonable and simple Faith on the basis of facts which are now in dispute. It is also the only Church which provides a Public Worship wholly commending itself to man's higher faculties and is itself the best means of teaching and cherishing true religion.'

We do not see that any good end can be served by such exaggerations. Mr. Voysey protests too much.

FALSE GLORY.—*The Herald of Peace* says; 'Because two pipers "screw" their pipes, and skirl at the mouth of an Afridi pass, while the bullets are flying about, the glorifiers of war gush emotionally. A single hour's lifeboat work in this week of shipwrecks has produced more heroism than all the bag-pipe skirling since the birth of the first Highland regiment. It is needful in these days, to invite public recognition of this difference between heroisms. Not for generations has there been such exalting of the war spirit as there is now. Ministers of State (sure to be kept in countenance by ministers of the Church of Christ) naval and military men as a matter of course, the idle well-to-do, and multitudes of writers on the periodical and daily Press, are assiduously inoculating the body politic with their war-poison, and filling the public imagination with erroneous ideas of the heroic.'

BLASPHEMY OR SUPERSTITION?—Captain Philip, of the U.S. battleship Texas, after taking his share in smashing the Spanish ship, Cristobel Colon, and slaughtering her crew, ordered all hands on the quarter deck, and bareheaded returned thanks to God. 'I want to make public acknowledgment here,' said he, 'that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want you men to lift your hats and offer silent thanks.' The President of the United States, in the same vein, issued a proclamation asking the nation, in public worship, 'to offer thanksgiving to Almighty God, and to pray for the protection of America's soldiers and sailors.'

The Americans are right in their effort to free Cuba, and possibly war was inevitable; but surely the mystery of God had better be kept out of the details. These grim fighting instruments, however, from Joshua to Cromwell, and from Cromwell to Gordon and Philip, have an ugly habit of appropriating God.

Here is Cromwell, on hearing of a victory in Ireland;—'Killed about 4,000 upon the place,' he says, 'This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable. . . The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise. . . And grant that we may never forget His goodness to us.' But, so far as we can remember, it has been reserved for Captain Philip to bless 'God the Father,' for helping him to blast and burn, and smash and drown, a multitude of His children. It may all be frightfully necessary, but the less we say about 'God the Father' in connection with it the better. The thing becomes comical as well as blasphemous when we remember that if the Spaniards had smashed Philip and his men, they would have held 'Divine service,' and blest God. It is horribly silly—and wicked.

SLIPSHOD ENGLISH.—We still have too much of it. Why, for instance, should *The Review of Reviews* say 'There is a rather important gap in the railway of forty miles'? The writer had nothing to say of a 'railway of forty miles.' He meant to say—a gap of forty miles. But why did he not say so? It really does puzzle us.

By the way—it is not exactly 'slipshod' English—but how is it that so many people are said to have only one eye? Here, for instance, is *The Church Gazette* saying that a certain proof 'did not reach the editor's eye'—an odd phrase altogether: but we happen to know that the editor's eyes are all right:—and yet why should proofs 'reach' them? Does the 'printer's devil' shy them at our friend's lovely eyes?

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'**LIGHT.**'—We wish all our readers knew *Light*. It is a scholarly and careful review of thoughts and experiences in the region of Spiritualism, concerning which we feel bound to bear our testimony, that, not to know what is being done and said in that strange region, is not to know the most precious truth of human life. *Light* is a weekly paper: price twopence.

'THE HOMAGE OF REASON.' By Alexander Webster, Aberdeen: A. Martin. It is a pity this excellent and keenly reasoned little book has not a London publisher. There are six Papers or Lectures on the following subjects, and, on all these, Mr. Webster has something useful and arresting to say:—'Do you believe the Bible?' 'Have you found Christ?' 'Do you believe in God?' 'Are you converted?' 'Can you answer "What is truth?"?' 'Are you ready to die?' Of course, these are homely and old subjects, but they are vital still. We very much like one paragraph in the preface; 'The intention of the addresses was not to furnish a set of cut and dry dogmatic replies which could be learnt and held in reserve for the catechism, but to set the mind into the proper condition for framing its own answers.'

'THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT. Literary passages from the Bible, rewritten, idea for idea, in modern style.' Two vols. By Howard Swan. London: Sampson Low & Co. A very interesting experiment, well worth attempting, but very likely to arouse opposition and a desire to upset. But the work will repay serious attention. We should not like to hastily commit ourselves to an opinion concerning the accuracy or the value of any portion of these versions, but, as we turn these pages, we see abundant signs of insight, shrewdness, scholarship and poetic vigour and even beauty. Matthew Arnold very ably shewed the way to work of this kind, and we are always glad to see it done. The books dealt with include Job, Joel, some of the Psalms and Isaiah. There is a slight touch of the fantastic here and there, especially in the translation of names, but even this has value. It is, at all events, suggestive of a sentiment, or a possible bit of old-world mysticism or allegory..

'THE WONDERFUL CENTURY: ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.' By Alfred Russel Wallace. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 7s. 6d. We are never tired of praising 'The Nineteenth Century'; and, truly, it merits praise; but, as imperfect men and women have been its pilots or instruments, it has, of course, its failures as well as its successes, its darkness as well as its light. In this deeply interesting work, Dr. Wallace deals with specimens of both. His method is simplicity itself. He simply selects specimens of our advances and haltings, and subjects these to the light of a luminous mind. On the whole, he hesitates not to call this, 'The wonderful century,'—wonderful for its speed, its discoveries, and its possession of the earth. But the failures are many: and we must admit that Dr. Wallace's specimens are too few. He refers only to the neglect of Phrenology, the ignorant opposition to Hypnotism and Psychical Research, Vaccination (which is to him a hateful 'delusion'), Militarism, 'the curse of civilisation,' the demon of greed, and the plunder of the earth.

Within its limits, a remarkably instructive and wholesome book, by an enlightened student and a seasoned reformer.

EVERY DAY WITH THOREAU.

AUGUST.

He that wants faith, and apprehends a grief
Because he wants it, hath a true belief;
And he that grieves because his griet's so small,
Has a true grief, and the best faith of all.

- 1—Men have a singular desire to be good without being good for anything, because, perchance, they think vaguely that so it will be good for them in the end.—*Week.*
- 2—We may live the life of a plant or an animal without living an animal life. This constant and universal content of the animal comes of resting quietly in God's palm. I feel as if I could at any time resign my life and the responsibility into God's hands, and become as innocent and free from care as a plant or stone.—*Spring.*
- 3—We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled; like the worms which, even in life and health, occupy our bodies. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own; that we may be well, yet not pure.—*Walden.*
- 4—Where the most beautiful wild flowers grow, there man's spirit is fed and poets grow.—*Summer.*
- 5—The true labourer is recompensed by his labour, not by his employer.—*Summer.*
- 6—I am not sure but I should betake myself in extremities to the liberal divinities of Greece, rather than to any country's God. Jehovah, though with us He has acquired new attributes, is more absolute and unapproachable, but hardly more divine than Jove. He is not so much of a gentleman, not so gracious and catholic, he does not exert so intimate and genial an influence on Nature, as many a god of the Greeks.—*Week.*
- 7—Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half witted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit.—*Walden.*
- 8—In the last stage of civilisation, poetry, religion and philosophy will be one, and there are glimpses of this truth in the first.—*Diary.*
- 9—Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives; all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here.—*Letter.*
- 10—Any sincere thought is irresistible. It lifts us to the zenith, whither the smallest bubble rises as surely as the largest.—*Summer.*
- 11—What are time and space to Christianity, eighteen hundred years, and a new world?—that the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New York bishop so bigoted.—*Week.*

- 12—The gods can never afford to leave a man in the world who is privy to any of their secrets. They cannot have a spy here. They will at once send him packing. How can you walk on ground where you see through it?—*Spring.*
- 13—That we have but little faith is not sad, but that we have but little faithfulness. By faithfulness faith is earned.—*Letter.*
- 14—The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers.—*Walden.*
- 15—The highest condition of art is artlessness.—*Summer.*
- 16—As yesterday and the historical ages are past, as the work of to-day is present, so some flitting perspectives and demi-experiences of the life that is in nature are in time veritably future, or rather outside to time, perennial, young, divine, in the wind and rain which never die.—*Week.*
- 17—Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations.—*Diary.*
- 18—Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society.—*Walden.*
- 19—Our lives will not attain to be spherical by lying on one or the other side forever, but only so far as we resign ourselves to the law of gravity in us will our axis become coincident with the celestial axis, and, by revolving incessantly through all circles, shall we acquire a perfect sphericity.—*Summer.*
- 20—We have advanced by leaps to the Pacific, and left many a lesser Oregon and California unexplored behind us.—*Ktaadn.*
- 21—The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them. They have only been read as the multitude read the stars, at most astrologically, not astronomically.—*Walden.*
- 22—I cannot see to the bottom of the sky because I cannot see to the bottom of myself. It is the symbol of my own infinity. My eye penetrates as far into the ether as that depth is inward from which my contemporary thought springs.—*Summer.*
- 23—Absolutely speaking, Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, is by no means a golden rule, but the best of current silver. An honest man would have but little occasion for it. It is golden not to have any rule at all in such a case.—*Week.*
- 24—The tops of mountains are among the unfinished parts of the globe, whither it is a slight insult to the gods to climb and spy into their secrets, and try their effect on our humanity. Only daring and insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains, —their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them. Pomola is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Ktaadn.—*Ktaadn.*

- 25—It is a pity that we seem to require a war from time to time, to assure us that there is any manhood still left in man.—*Letter.*
- 26—If men were to be destroyed, and the books they have written to be transmitted to a new race of creatures, a new world, what kind of record would be found in them of so remarkable a phenomenon as the rainbow?—*Spring.*
- 27—I do not make any very broad distinction between the illiterateness of my townsmen who cannot read at all, and the illiterateness of him who has learned to read only what is for children and feeble intellects.—*Walden.*
- 28—What means the fact,—which is so common, so universal—that some soul that has lost all hope for itself can inspire in another listening soul an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair.—*Diary.*
- 29—It is impossible to have more property than we dispense. Genius is only as rich as it is generous. If it hoards, it impoverishes itself.—*Winter.*
- 30—Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the Saints. Our hymn-books resound with a melodious cursing of God and enduring him for ever. One would say that even the prophets and redeemers had rather consoled the fears than confirmed the hopes of man.—*Walden.*
- 31—The moral law does not want any champion. Its assertors do not go to war. It was never infringed with impunity.—*Spring.*

FOR JENNY AND JOHN.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study; it 'weakens my eyes,'
 But the right sort of book will create a surprise,
 Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,
 And he's lost for the day to all other affairs;
 By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
 Now, isn't that queer.

At thought of an errand he's 'tired as a hound,'
 Very weary of life, and of tramping around;
 But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
 He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
 The showman will capture him, some day I fear,
 For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head 'aches to split,'
 And his back is so lame that he 'can't dig a bit,'
 But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,
 And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon:
 Do you think he plays 'possum'? He seems quite
 sincere;
 But— isn't he queer?